

THE FAMOUS HISTORY

P of *GEORGE*, Lord *FALCONBRIDGE*

Bastard son to *Richard Cordelion* King of *England*.

Begotten in his Royall Tower, upon the Princely *Clarabell*, daughter to *Don Iohn*, Duke of *Austria*, surnamed, the *Worlds faire Concubine*. Shewing his Knightly adventures, dignified Victories, & with his life and death, spent in the honour of *G O D* and his Country: Never wearing any other Garment, but that *Lions skin*, by which his Kingly Father challenged his *Lion-like* Title.



London Printed by *I. B.* and are to bee sold by *Iohn Wright junior*, at the signe of the *Sunne*, at the lower end of *Snow-hill*. 1635.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY

of GEORGE, Lord FAVONBRIDGE

Baron to Richard Cordell King of England.

Brought in his Royal Tower, upon the friendly Climb,
 daughter to Dow John, Duke of Aspre, furnished the World's Fair
 (as we may see) showing his Knightly adventures, dignified Victories,
 with his life and death, spent in the honour of G O D and
 his Country: Never wearing any other Garment, but
 that of his skin, by which his Knightly Fatherhood
 long his son-like Title.



London Printed by A. B. and W. C. at the Sign of the Sunne, at the North-Door of St. Dunstons Church, 1637.



THE FAMOUS

History of **GEORGE** Lord Fau-

conbridge, Bastard sonne to **Richard Cor-**
delion King of England.

CHAP. I.

How **Richard Cordelion** King of England, going to the Holy Land, slew **Philip** the Prince of Austria, and how **Don John** doomed him to a strange punishment, and of his wofull lamentation in prisons.



When the true spirits of illustrious achievements, possess the Nobility of Europe, & that the babes of honoꝛ fed upon the milke of knightly adventures here reigned in England, a royall minded King, named **Richard Cordelion**, a Prince replenished with the commendable reports of renowne, in whose goberment both Armes & Art flourished, wars brought peace, & peace happines. In this Kings time, the blessed State of Gods holy city of Ierusalem, groaned under the heavy yoke of Paganisme, & the despised Infidels with pride & tyranny suppressed all their royalties, for recovery whereof all Christendome took Armes & the rumoꝛs of warre withfully thundred against our Northern nations.

Five Christian Kings, (under the bloody standards of Godfrey of Bulloigne) (that imperious Monarch, and worthy of the Crowne) marched. Amongst which glorious number one matchlesse King, **Richard Plantagenet**, was so adventurous forwarde, for he in the blooming bud of his youth, with the chieffest Chival-

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ry of England, clothed in steele, fired with fame, and full of resolution, left the government of his Kingdome to his brother Iohn then Duke of Ireland, and arrived in Austria, the meeting place of these Christian Potentates.

The rest of this campe Royall, not then in a readinesse, according to the custome of Princes, caused King Richard to request entertainment for him and his knights; Don Iohn then Duke of Austria, being a Prince so courteous and noble, that hee could doe no lesse than grant it. Now Fame and Fortune in King Richard's thoughts smiled, and the smooth brow of wished good speed, bade him and his hundred knights welcome.

A hundred he had as then for his guard, called knights of the Bath, a title of dignity first given by this King: but now while the rest of his Army planted their standards upon the downes adjoining to the Court, these knightly gallants so rebelled in the Dukes Pallace, that well were they that could purchase their favours, and highly graced were all such as had but the smallest employment of an English knight.

So amiable, pleasing, and courteous, were the conditions of King Richard & his followers, so truly were their minds devoted to honor, that they even enforced love from all estates, the haughty minded of their own accord became gentle, the stubborn nature pliable, and the browne of every English boy by desert challenged both cap & knee: Don Iohn himselfe began to grow disgraced, his subjects waverling allegiance waxed cold, & none but the name of English Richard merited fortunes high graces. All Austria esteemed England a happy nation, by nature, the darling of brerie, and the only hope of Christendome, so greatly are still the favours of our English people in the eyes of foraine kingdoms.

This detracted love of his Subjects did not a little displease Don Iohn, and his sonne Prince Philip, and no little envy by it was bred in their two fired breasts, that nothing could quench the increasing flame thereof, but King Richard's shame and confusion. Politicke and close were their purposes, deadly and de-

blind their intents, and most unhumane and anchristianlike their proceedings, the law of Armes was quite layd aside, the honour of Princes forgotten, & the dignity of knight-hood wisely abused, malice & wrath the champions of pale death hourly possessed their two hearts, with a secret imagination of vengeance, plotted against the life of royall Richard: to murder by violence, would but incurre displeasures of so many nations, to kill innocents, offendeth heaven, and to betray Princes, hath rewards in hell, a thousand thousands of displeasing motions vnguided their discontented mindes, dishonoured as they thought by the vertues of King Richard, disgrace boyling in her greatest heat, could no longer be suppressed, but needs the flames of fury must breake forth, & a flattering practise of revenge ment mollifie their intolerable torments, and in this manner was it accomplished.

Prince Philip the only sonne and heire apparant to Don Iohn, the pride and hopes of Austria, in whose life and good Fortune consisteth his Countreys honour, like a desperate and prodigall gallant, in a dissembling shape of friendship, challenged King Richard at a Princely Tournament, and in the knightly games of Tilting, personally to combat hand to hand, the English King in the Aprill of his man-hood, nothing inferior in prowess to Prince Phillip, having the sparkes of martiall glorying in his bosome, in a most Princely manner accepted his challenge, and against the day appointed, provided all things sitting for so noble an enterprize.

Time with his lazy wings, seemed to flye too slowly, & to cross the forward attempts of these youthfull combatants: each minute seemed an houre, each houre a day, and each day a moneth, till the appointed time came of this royall Tournament, so bold, forward, and illustrious were these martiallists, the one striving for honoz, the other for revenge.

I need not here speak of the sumptuous preparations, the exceeding charge and costly habiliments provided against that day, numberles were the eye-witnesses of this Court-like pastime,

ready prepared to bid them welcome with a gracious applause. To come to the fulnesse of this glory, the day approached, the morning Sun cheerefully arose, with a bright smile, the cristall skie put on her fairest robe, and the moderate ayre seemed to further their proceedings, all things by nature were as furtherers to summon them to Armes, Don John himselfe attended by his greatest Nobility, sat as Iudges in the case, and each Lady with a prepared eye, was ready to censure of their deserts, the sitting place being rayled in quadrangle-wise, round about beset with lofty galleries, whereon people in degrees were placed in such multitudes, as memory it selfe could hardly number: the Sun-beames had not more notes by imagination, then this Theater spectators, equally wishing good fortune to them both, bright honours being ready to begin, the Drums & Trumpets gave warning of the two combatants approach, in such a melodious manner, as both ayre & earth resounded, the first that entred the lists, was princely Philip in a blacke caparison, his horse betrayd with sable, his Bever close, made of the fashion of a flying Dragon, his Lance & Scutcheon borne before him by a naked Indian, all agreeable to his blacks desires: for the steeld point of his Lance, and the keene edge of his Sword, were both impoisoned; his motto was, True honor hath no equall.

Immediately after entred Richard of England, mounted upon a Spanish Gennet, as milke white and spotlesse as were his thoughts, his Armour bright and glistering, his Helmet of the fashion of a Sun-sparkling fire, expressing both malice and mercy. Upon his breast he had the honorable red crosse of England, platted with Arabian silke, his motto was, Honour tainted, in vaine repented.

Thus all things in readinesse for this royall Tournament, the cheerefull reports of relentlesse Drummes and Trumpets, thundred a charge, whereupon the two couragious Princes, fired with resolution, so fiercely assailed each other, that a strange admiration of their man-hood possessed all the beholders,

holders. The old Duk Don Iohn himselfe, sitting with a longing desire of his sons victory, was immediately discontented with the sight of fortune; for after hee had wounded the English Prince with his impoisoned weapons, to the great danger of life, courageous Rich. expressing his Lion-like nature, close the Prince Philip with such a manly power, that with his heavy courtelar, at one blow hee broke his neck: Folly it were to resist destiny, for even at that instant he yielded up the Ghost, and in the sight of his old father embraced death.

This sudden accident advanced not so much the honours of King Richard, as it settled surp in Don Iohns heart; for having lost the hopes of his Kingdoms, his anely sonne and glory of his age, like a man desperate of all good fortune, joy, and consolation, he raged both against heaven and earth, blaspheming his Creator, swearing both by God and the World, that the treasures of Europe should not redeeme King Richards life, nor the unknowne treasures of the deepe Ocean (were they laid at his feet) preserve him from a dishonourable death: for (quoth he) in losing my sonne, the sight of the World displeaseth me, I will pine in griefe, I will fast with woe, I will lye foodlesse, feeding upon nothing, but desires of vengeance. Assist me thou spirit of destruction, that in wrath I may confound the murderer of my sonne, in whose life I more delighted, than in my royall crowne: for in wanting him, I lye as a sorrowne, wooll, and deposed King, exil'd and banisht from this worlds royalty: my second soule adores the smallest drop of thy deare heaves blood, shalbe quiltanced with the purple goare of King Richards bosome. Having spoken these, or such like words, hee commanded the Marshall of Austria, to take the English Prince unto his charge, and to keepe him close prisoner in a square Tower of Marble Stone, adjoyning to the uttermost part of his Court, and likewise to discharge all the followers of his Countrey, upon paine of death not any one of them to bee

seen in his territories after the date of seven dayes. At which according to the angry Dukes command, was by the Mar. shall speedily accomplished, the wofull King he to prison, & his sorrowfull followers to their native country, where his loyal Subjects made not a little moane for his hard misfortunes; D. Iohn with his Nobility mourned as grievously for Prince Philip, whom in most solenne manner they interred in a princely Tombe, where we will leave him sleeping in peace and persevere in this our wofull History.

King Richard having now neither Crown, Kingdome, nor liberty, but (by his late received wounds, from Prince Philips poisoned weapons, lay bleeding in prison, to his lifes greatest danger, and being destitute of friends, and all hopes of recovery, he dolefully breathed out this lamentation.

Oh unjust fortune (sayd he) why in the prime of youth hast thou thus deceived me, and by thy flattering promises of advancement thus befrated my knightly adventures? Those blessed wars, where the standard of Christ by their encouraging flourishes, makes cowards unconquerable, must by mee be forsaken, and my unhappy dales by Don Iohns unprincipledome, have ending, sweat with teares.

Oh you ingrateful walls, that with your pittles bounds claspes in a royal Prince; merclesse too like a cruel tyrant seeds upon my heart, and the Sun-shine of delightful consolation is now for ever dimmed with the blacke cloudes of despair, banisht be all hopes of liberty, and the freedom that attends on Kings, is turbed with the base penance of captivity: Farre more fortunate is the humble estate of the plow-mans life, he suffers only the crosse of private disgraces, where principalities endure the general scandal of dishonour, where Kingdoms and the glory of Diadems lose their illustrious dignities. Where are now all my Courtly traines of star bright Nobility, my attendant followers, my gardians, & humble servants, my pompous state, royall banquetings, & delighted musick, all to my soules

Soules eternal grieve, now banished, and converted into continual lamentations; no fellowship have I to comfort me, but discontent, sighes, and melancholy despaire: Care is my food, and teares my drinke, nothing but the imaginations of wo, intercepts all hopes of freedom.

O unhappy England, thou nurse & mother of my life, dishonoured in thy Kings disgraces, & made most miserable by this inturuous & most unprincipely dealings: heavens I hope with black vengeance, deadlier then the feare of hel, will in time spee out a most dreadful quittance, written in the bloody brow of a cursed Austria, stained with inhumane murder of a King, whose death she chides as yet unborn, that shall rewe, and after ages shall speake of: pity my distrelles thou revenger of mankind, that my soule may live in peace, and rest in that blessed mansion prepared for Monarches.

These or such like heart-breaking complaints being breathed from his grieved bosome, the paine of his im poisoned wounds so enraged, & so furiously tormented his body yet bleeding that (poore King) he fel into a swoond, lifelesse, & breathles, saving a little panting breath mooved in his breast, a signe that the sparks of life were not quite extinguished. But now, ever as this sudden trance assailed King Richard, there entred into the prison the L. Marshal, under whose charge he was then kept, where, when to his great amazement he beheld as he supposed, the King bereft of life, having a mind framed of a noble disposition, began to pity his misfortunes, & to accuse his Lord and Master of injustice, whereupon according to his gentle nature, he dressed his wounds with a precious kind of balme, by nature so excellent, that it not only recovered life, but also health, and in lesse then in three dayes, made him as sound as he was before the combat with Prince Philip; where we shall leave King Richard making his prayers to heaven for his delivery from death, and speake of other accidents that followed hereafter.

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CHAP. II.

How the two English Earles of *Arundell* and *Oxford* disguisedly comforted King *Richard* in prison; of the love betwixt him, and *Clarabella* the Dukes daughter, how he pulled out the Lyons heart, and thereby came to be called *Richard Cordelion*, and of other accidents.



According to the heaby and bitter command of the angry Duke, (in reuenge of his sonnes death, the Nobility and Knights of England departed Don Iohns Kingdome, leauing the wofull King in prison, as ashamed of so haplesse a voyage, where being no sooner come, & the reports therof bzuted in the eares of the Earles of Arundel and Oxford, but like two English spirited gallants, not able to bzaake this foraine disgrace, they resolutely departed England, professing either to bring their Soberaigne Lord safely to his kingdome, or to leaue their bodies buried in Austria: that blood (qd they) spent in the honour of our King and country, is the swet sacrifice of Knight-hood, and the true vermilion colour, that beautifies the rich robes of honour.

Thus nobly minded, they with all speed crossed the Seas, which they were ioyfull of; so with so glorious a burthen, and the whistling wind, proud of these princely resolved Gentle-men loving, kind, and loyall, set open their gentle portals, and beyond the expectation of man, set them safely upon the coasts of Austria, where being no sooner come, but they attired themselves in the disguised habits of Fryers, the most secret, and fittest policie to attaine the wished presence of their imprisoned King, and by that meanes thought they to releeue him, if his extremity so much required; so comming to the prison gate in a professed zeale, as they sayd they had of King Richards soules health: they desired accesse, & that the Lord Marshall would admit them to the Kings presence, who being a man
of

of a courteous nature, could doe no lesse than grant their request, being so honest and vertuous a demand.

Frowning Fortune beganne now a little to smile, and a little to ease his languishing sorowes: for no sooner had his gentle eyes cast their dimme sight, (almost blinded with teares) upon his two deare friends, but a sudden rejoycing hope assailed his heart, & like a raptous heire newly possessing his patrimony, surfettted in pleasure, all despairing passions by the delightfull presence of these two English Charles, were immediatly converted into iolity, their embraces were as the closes of new married Damfels, where the extremity of ioy so swelled in their bosomes, that even their eyes distilled teares, (and their hearts as if were danced.) These two supposed Fryers had no other Discoursions, but comfortable reports from his loyall Subjects in England: their books were their loves, and their Beads their sealities.

Thus in this secret manner unsuspected of any, repaired they dayly to this distressed King, expecting bouerely his lifes metamorphosis, either of liberty or death: freedom, or confusion, royalty or captivity: in which wavering doubt, while these three subjects of sorrow remained, the displeased Duke (still harbouring in his heart blacke malice, called a counsell of flattering sicophants, such as be still the attendants of Monarches, where against both the law of Armes and Nations, it was decreed that King Richard should combate with a Lion, which if he overcame, his liberty thereby might be purchased, but being overcome, hee should endure the sharpe punishment of this mercilesse beast, whose greatest favours were but death: upon which wittlesse dome, this bloody counsell concluded, and thereupon appointed the time and houre, to the extreme grieve of many thousands, whose gentle hearts even trembled at this remorselesse iudgment. But now marke the difference in the nature of a natural Father, and a kind child; the father mercilesse, and the child milde,

the Father proud, the child humble, the Father unreasonable, the child reasonable, the Father cruel, the child loving, betwixt whom, by army and remorse strove for superiority: for Don Iohn bore not more extreme hate against the English king, then his daughter faire Clarabella extended love: In her heart partial Cupid builded his Bowler, & pity with his smooth countenance, sent dumbe messengers to the distressed king, which were modest sighes, bashfully sent from her maiden-like breast, fearing to offend in affecting her fathers enemy: yet love which hath commanded even the gods themselves: & still blindly leads earthly monarches with unequall affections, making no difference betwixt kings & beggars, so ruled the desires of divine Clarabell, that she wished no other consolation in this world, but the Sacred love of English Richard; whose presence if she might possesse, were to her soule as the pleasures of Paradise: duty and obedience (by nature her fathers right) were now exchanged into desire and love; the princely behaviour of King Richard guided her thoughts, & (though as yet unknowne to him) intangled her love-sicke heart in the toiles of Venus, wherein was no hope of recovery, but the uniting of them both in the equality of desire. These were faire Clarabells discontents, which as an incurable wound, dismembred all the lively wishes of virginity, offending onely in thought, & with the chilling feare of her second soules destruction, by the terrible censure of her angry father, she grew like mad Medea, lunatick & distraught, expecting the savage murder of royall Richard, she railed both at heaven & earth, conspiring thus against al her good fortunes: For in losing him (quoth shee) the blome of my maiden-head withereth, and I am like to pine in the languishing estate of misery: made onely miserable by the Eagle-like pitch of my lofty desires. In this manner spent shee away the day, till the sable Canopie of Heaven covered all the earth, a time of silence, a time of peace and rest, a time that the eyes of all things

things closeth up: yet sleep (the comforter of distressed minds) could not locke up her eyes, for care had made them watchful, griefe and distrust like two dreadful companions waited in her chamber, every sole imagination buzzed in her eares, she misadventure of her love, fighting with all the misdoubts of desire, she consumed away the day to night, where every minute seemed a day till morning came, and then like a carefull bride, she cloathed her selfe in her richest attire, & by the Sunns rising came unto the prison, where shee found royall Richard upon his princely knee, pleading for his soules salvation, preparing himselfe ready for his Lyon-like combat, the night before brought to the L. Marshal in a warrant from the Dukes counsel. Farewel vaine world (quoth hee) thy flattering pompe hath bin to me, as water bubbles in a calme day, or as Aprill showres, or the flourishes of Gardens, sudden and variable. Comfort me God, only in thy power is my delvery, and without thy assistance, this day is like to be my doomes day, and the last day of al my lifes fortunes. At these wordes faire Clarabel sunke into a swoond, and so abounded in griefe, that her senses were hardly recovered, but being againe come to her selfe, she fell at King Richards knee, and in a most misfortunate, spake as followeth.

Most imperious Potentate, in whose happinesse consisteth my lifes joy, and in whose welfare my glory shineth: In thee Thou prince of mankind, have I built my hopes, and in loving thee, doe I purchase my fathers crowne; the Duche of Austria, no to my right and patrimony doe I utterly forsake, changing all my native honours into forraine hopes, and for thy sake make my selfe a stranger to my countrey; even in death springs my love, and being dead, all earthly loves firme ends: cast me not off in disgrace, but locke my true heart in thy princely bosome, there keepe it as an inestimable Jewell, pure, unspotted, and unstained, and tender as the budding Rose, blasted with the least wound of thy dislike.

dislike: As for thy lifes danger (sweet Prince) feare not, hea-
ven I see with a smiling countenance, promisseth comfort, and
legions of celestiaall Angels stand ready armed to defend thee,
from that hunger-starved Lion, prepared for thy lifes destru-
ction, a death dishonourable, & unfit for so royall a person.

In speaking these words she took a green scarfe from about
her boye necke, and gave it to R. Richard, saying; Take this
(sweet Prince) as the maiden-like promise of my love and re-
membraunce, weare it for my sake, it may prove thy lifes pre-
server, & the only instrument to glut up the Lions greedy law
even at that deadly minute, when he seizeth upon thy noble
body. Pardon my immodest presumption, for desire and love
emboldens mee, and all my maiden-like bashfulness is abol-
shed by the delightfull presence of thy sweet selfe: For thee,
& for thy love, have I sold all my royall promotions; Then e-
quallst (great King) that my affection may not be blasted in
the blame, and I made the most woofull & despised Lady alive.
More would shee have spoken, but that the gentle King
tooke her from the ground, (yet kneeling) & with the delightfull
top of a courteous kisse, sealed their lips together, and after
gratified her kindness with this loving discourse.

Thou faire of all faires, thou paragon of beauty, in whose
countenance (I see) sits intizonized both vertue and modesty,
what undeserved favour hath true indgting heaven graced me
with, in that thy inspiring love hath illuminated my cloudy
Fortunes, now scowling with a dismal countenance:
Were the whole world mine, and I commander of Monar-
chies, yet should all my dignities enrich thee, and my pow-
erfull regalties advance thee to the powerfull estate of all
earthly graces: This thy kinnesse hath enchanted me, ra-
vishd my senses, elevated my soule, and of an earthly sub-
stance made my desires immortall. Now sit I with the
wings of good chance, which nothing can clip, but the sharpe
fickle of despitefull death: For death (I know) with his ghastly
visage,

visage, walks here invisibly, with his tyranous command, ready to seize upon mee: now is the houre of my lifes adventure, and the minute of that fearefull judgement to be put in practice, to the appeasing of Prince Philips angry ghost.

At this word speaking, came in the Lord Marshal with an armed guard, having a commission to conduct King Richard, to a square Court, walled round: wherein was a the Countesse newly bereaved of her whelps, to make her the more mankind: about which court sate the Duke and his Barons in a gallery, to behold this unnaturall tragedy: unto which place being come, attended on afar off, by the Princessse Clarabel, who with teares and sighes, did not a little sollicit heaven for his strengthener: all which forced ply from the hearts of his enemies, and might have mollified even Tygers to relent.

The two English Charles of Arundell & Oxford, his approved friends in misery: high spirited, and full of resolution, attended as befoze in their Friers habits, seeing him (as the beholders supposed) with the fow of divine counsels: but indeed with the animation of courage, emboldning him to take his fortunes patiently, and to thinke of the honoz of his Country, by whose death England was widowed, and his Subjects made Kinglesse.

These motions of encouragement, byed in his manly heart an unconquerable strength, committing his life to the disposing of fate: Hee stripped himselfe from all Court-like habiliments, and in his Cambricke shirt, with faire Clarabels Scarfe wrapped about his arme, hee stood prepared for the entertainment of the remorselesse Lyon, which at the sound of a Trumpet was let loose, whose roares were as Thunder from the cloudes, and in whose grimme visage sat the fearefull president of destruction: heart-breaking afflictions possesse all his well-willers, and the quivering feare of his confusion assailed every gentle eye, excepting Don Iohn, and his associates. To see thozt, the Lyon like the gulse of burning Acharon, gaped to receive the royall body of King Richard, who neither
C
fearing

fearing death, nor the threatnings of tyranny, with an unknown courage, he most valiantly thrust his arme (wapped about with Clarabels silke scarfe) into the gaping iawes of the over-furious Lyonelle, and by the force of his manhood tore out his savage heart, (yet leaping warme in his hand) & threw it in Don Iohns face, saying; Take that thou monster of humanity, thou unprincipely Potentate, heauen thou seest hath defended me, to the wonder of ages, and thy vile disgrace. Generall was the applause, the intollerable vexation of the wrathfull Duke, who like an untamed Panther, rose from his seate, and in great wrath departed. King Richard seeing the Lyonelle heartlesse and lifelesse, lying on the ground, to the great amazement of all the beholders, yielded the glory of this victory to the all-seeing praises of heauen. No little ioy had the two English Charles at this lucky successe, but especially the heart of diuine Clarabell danced in delights.

Neuer had Lady the like cause of content, nor neuer Lady more bound to thanke the Almighty powers of heauen. The relieved King, as the ignorant Lamb newly escaped from the bloody fury of the Wolfe, with a countenance of a crimson blush, declared the like gladnesse, and in most kind manner cast the reflecting beames of his eyes towards Clarabel, that she well perceived his courteous thoughts, & that gratefull thanks harbored in his princely heart. After the Dukes departure, the whole company some broke off, bearing a secret fauour to the English King, who by faire Clarabel, the Charles of Arundel and Oxford, with some few other attendants of England, conducted him to a private chamber, where after some refreshing repast, they prepared for England, but not meaning discourteously to leave faire Clarabell behinde, caused her to bee attired in the habite of a Court Page, in a suite of watched coloured velvet, to signifie the trunesse of her love, (for his sake) in refusing both Countrey, Parents, and kindred, and in this sort to become estranged from all her acquaintance. Such an

impe-

perious God is love, and so commaunding.

The next day unknowne of any of the Dukes Court, but the Lord Marshall, who assisted them in all their proceedings, they took leave of Austria, and journeyed toward England, where by the way King Richard and faire Clarabell, so secretly closed in affections, that her blooming bud of virginity was cropt, and the quittance of his love-stroke, sealed in her wombe, a condition of such content, as both pleasures and desires pleased each party. Clarabell in her Pages attire, seemed in decentnesse to exceed Ganemede, loves minion; or wanton Adonis the delights of Venus. Never had Paris the Trojan Prince, a greater conquest in the love of faire Helena, then royall King Richard, of his admired Clarabel. Nature in her greatest pride; framed this beautifull Lady, as then the only miracle of woman-kind; the muses in her praises may write eternally, and those lasting reports which advanced so many Grecian dames, may now tell, and for ever speake of the super-abounding graces of this faire Lady, that like unto that Angel-sac'd Rosamond, wrought wonders in all eyes.

No other comforts could possesse the Kings Cantele, but this Celestiall Lady, Europes admiration, and the worlds glory. In this ravishing content spent they the time away, till happy Fortune set them safely upon the shores of England, whose sweet sight was joyfull to them all, as the returne of banisht exiles to their wished dwellings. This joyfull day of their arrivall in England, was by the King and his Councel canonized for a holy day, being the third of March, and so this time called Saint Richard, as our English Almanackes can yet testifie. King Richard having againe taken possession of his kingdome, and Imperiall dignitie, first gracing his two neere friends, of Arundell and Oxford, with commendable advancement for their loves and loyalties, then preparing in his City of London a Royall lodging for his faire love, neere unto Cheape side, called his Tower

Royall, When Royall (as he said) in harbouring to faire a paramour, as was diuine Clarabell: In this place repaired hee full often unto her, and tasted of those delights in nature, sporting her name with the title of a Kings Concubine. Long was he lulled in the cradle of pleasures, carelesse of honours advancement, neglecting his Countreys fame: A knightly Chivalry was converted to Courtly dances, the lullabies of idle pastimes rockt him asleep, till the disgraces of England (received by his late imprisonment) awaked him, and called to armes: Then rousing up his knightly courage, like Fames darling, Now Fire and Sword, the two instruments of consuming warre, shall forrage Austria, and by the Kingdomes ruine, worke mee a sweete revenge.

My wrongs there receiued by the uniuert decrees of Don Iohn, shall be quitted with more then common spoiles, his Court shall swim in blood, his turrets shal flame in fire, heaps of mangled men, choake up his street, wa upon wo, shal beset him round.

Troy in her ten yeeres wars did not endure more calamities then Austria shal shortly suffer. These and such like high spirited speeches, did R. Richard speake amongst his Lordes, to the great encouragement of them all, and so fired their lusty bloods, that well were they that could the most gallantliest set forth themselves, and be the most forwardest in this noble enterprise.

So desirous were all estates, and so willing in this noble war, that in lesse then twenty dayes the King was the royall General of fifty thousand Souldiers, all provided so manfully, as if they had gone to make a new conquest of Jerusalem. In which honourable journey we will leave him, and also the preparation that Don Iohn made to withstand him and his army, and speake of the birth of Fauconbridge, borne, and kept secretly in King Richard's Tower Royall, with many other strange events that happened in the birth of this princely babe.

CHAP. III.

Of the birth of *Favconbridge*, and how he came to be so named :
& likewise how he was nursed by the Queen of Fairies. Faire
Clarabels lamentation for the losse of her young son, and of
other accidents.

Time the conclusion of all events, brought to the
worlds eye, the springing womb of *Clarabell*, and
nearly ten Moones had now wandred out their
wained courses, when as therein King *Richards*
royall frutt began to grow ripe & ready to fall; a-
gainst which topfull houre, the carefull Lady spared for no cost,
and with her deere relenting heart, solicited heaven for a happy
delivery, the only desire of all women. I will not speake of the
tender-natured Nurses, the diligent Midwives, nor the rich fur-
niture provided against that time: needlesse it were to report
the sumptuousnes of banquetting dishes, nor the variety of servi-
ces belonging to so noble a businesse; most honourable and graci-
ous were al the proceedings of this her Christian-like birth, not
any displeasing object hindered her content, nor any way disqui-
eted her mind, but only the want of her beloved, whose presence
in her eye had bin moze delightfome then the pleasures of *Elizi-
um*: Little supposed shee that King *Richard* had taken armes a-
gainst her Father, the successe whereof would have but bred a
strife betwixt love and nature: For nature in reason took her
Fathers part, when as love leaned to her Lord; yet shadowed
were all imaginations in the closet of secretnesse, and the least
report thereof sounded in her eares. Unknowne were all
these proceedings: For King *Richard* at his departure gaue
comandement not to reveale them, till heaven had brought light
to the frutt of her body. To be short, the minute approached of the
Babes comming into the world, a sweet tender bloosome, a most
topfull wish for the pained mother, who being borne, was to
the beholders an excellent peece of natures workmanship, up-

on whose infant brow late the promises of good Fortune,

After the good wife (according to her manner) had trimmed up the sweete Babe, and she wed him naked (to the other women her associates) being a man child, upon his breast it had the picture of a golden Faulcon, soaring over a most dangerous bridge, the which being shewed as a wonder in nature, the honourable Ladies in the Kings Court, by whose meanes it was generally reported throught the Land, and after called in Christendome, by the name of George, Lord Fauconbridge: A title fitting for so noble an Impe of vertue, being descended from so Royall a stocke (as was King Richard and faire Clarabell,) But to come to our purpose, before one moneth had run out thirty dayes, to the more then common grieve of the mother, the tender Infant lying in his cradle, attended on by three Nurses, even at the middle houre of the night, when the silver Moone in her greatest glory danced on the christall Seas, even at the silent houre when the God of Dreames governed the World, there was heard in the chamber, such a melodious sound of Musicke, as if it had bene the harmony of Angels, or the singing Cherubins of Heaven, which in a bewitching manner so enchanted the wakefull Nurses, that their eyes closed, and their senses yeelded to sound sleepes:

In this still time of silence, came in the Queene of Fayries with a troupe of her invisible attendants, being the prettie dancing Elves of an unknowne kingdome, and stole away young Fauconbridge out of his princely cradle: whose misse (at his Nurses waking) bred such an amazement amongst them, as almost procured lunaticke, and forced them (like Bacchus froes) to runne madding up and downe, not knowing in what manner to answer this their negligence: But yet this grieve of theirs, was but the induction to the true maze of calamitie: the wofull mother (unhappy Clarabell) made haplesse, miserable, and most wofull, by the losse of this her sweet Babe: this deere collop of her owne flesh, being so dere-

ly sed with her owne blood, forty weekes cherisht in the closet of her wombe, and even now (contrary to all expectation) by the losse of it, to bee bereaved of all worldly consolation. Oh thou unjust guider of mans life (quoth shee) what secret sins have I committed against thy commanding destiny: what black offence hath now dimmed the cleare beames of mercy, that her illuminating glory is thus withheld from me: Why had it not bin strangled in my wombe, and made death's sacrifice before it had saluted the worlds eye: then for the want thereof had I not thus mourned, nor the title of a mother thus unhappily wrought my hearts discontent. Weepe eternally (O mine eyes) till you grow blind with lamentations: break heart with swelling sobs, split and burst asunder: Nothing but motions of bad chances intercepts my imaginations, consuming sorrow (like a waiting tyzant) rebels in my distresses: Not any comfortable thought will in mercy seize upon my soule, pittie is fled, remorse banished, and gentle relenting passions, workes wonders in my griefe-tired heart.

Now this sudden losse of her young son, gave her an occasion to desire the presence of King Richard, that in his company she might a little ease her sobbing bosome, & that an equall partition of griefe might be made betwixt them, considering halfe of mischances spight belonged to him, being the father, & begetter of this blanning Fanconbridge: But when she had intelligence of his departure for Austria, and of his revenge pretended against her fathers Country, & her native soile, and birth-place, a sorrow beyond humane imagination assailed her heart, and a griefe (beyond the misery of Hecuba Queen of Troy, having lost one and twenty sonnes) seized upon her soule: words were not sufficient, teares of no force, sighes sobbing in blood, could not reveale the least part of her bitter anguish: All the tongues that ever spake, all the pens that ever wrote, nor all the books that ever were, could more tell, write, or containe, the true manner of the disquietnesse of this sorrowfull Lady, the true pattern of griefe

griefe sat heauidly upon her cloudy brow, & her eyes sparkled as it were streames of afflictions, day and night spent she comfortlesse away, food was as popson to her body, sleep as strange company, loathsome: solitary silence wrought her the best ease: nothing but vile visions of discontent appeared before her: sometime she supposed that grim-fac'd death with legions of worms sat devouring the tender body of her young babe: sometime againe she imagined that an army of Angels conducted the pretty Imp into the blessed kingdome of heaven: by and by againe, that wilde beasts and rabenting fowles, banquetted with his tender limbs: one while she thought it lay starving in the fields frozen to death with cold, another while, parched with the beames of the hot Sunne: A thousand doubts had shee of the misadventure of this young Babe, believing never to see it more, but that the doomesday of his lifes ending had concluded all his Fortunes. Upon which resolution, shee exempted her selfe from the company of all people, excepting one ancient Gentlewoman, that dayly attended in her chamber, which brought her such necessaries as sufficed nature, where like the picture of woe, unbrac'd, and disrob'd of all Lady-like attires, with dishevelled haire hanging downe to the earth, we will leave her in this her Tower royall, (so called by the reason of her royall beauty,) to the bitterness of lamentations, sitting so sorrowfull a Princesse, and speake of the fearefull fortunes, that the three nurses had: After young Fauconbridge was in the possession of the fair Queene, the eldest of these unhappy nurses, was a widowed Lady of the Court, of a cleare complexion, faire and beautifull, whose face declared the lamentable she w of discontent. More sorrowfull soules, after the young infant was thus taken away, not knowing by what meanes, nor by whom, considering this her negligent care proved a scandall to her reputation, shee exempted her selfe willingly from the society of people, and gave her selfe to travell, protesting by the Sacred Majesty of Heaven, to leave no kingdome unsearcht, nor no nation unsene into, till shee had

had found out young Fauconbridge, and brought him againe safely unto his carefull mother. The second of these wofull nurses, being a rich London Merchants wife, in like manner (in penance for this her negligence) put her selfe unto a heauy taske, which was, to refuse all the toys of marriage, not to take the fruition of her husbands love, not to sleep upon downy beds, but to rest her selfe upon the hard ground, making the dusty earth her pillow, where sighes and sobs were her only companions, care her chamberlaine, and grieve her gardian; not any motion of delight could any more seize upon her heart, but all her meditations were still made upon the wished returne of young Fauconbridge. The third and last, but not the least wofull of these grieved nurses, was a plaine, wholesome natured country woman, of a complexion, like unto the shepheards of Ida Mountaines, never more fairer were the tripping Pimphees of Diana, sporting upon Cypresse bankes, nor never did nature frame woman more beautifull: upon her cheekes, the Lilly and Rose strove for supremacy, and the Vermilion blush of her beauty wrought desire in all eyes, even love himselfe danced in her countenance, yet all these rich gifts of nature, were quite blemisht by the sudden fright taken at the losse of this tender Babe, whose absence was as the bitter doome of death, and transfozmed all her wonted graces into pale feare, her face by it was changed into the shape of an ashy visage, or the wan countenance of a long dead body, all earthly consolation ended, no hope had shee of her former toy; despaire, blacke melancholy, deadly houres, and unlucky thoughts harboured in her pensive bosome, and by the losse of that sweete infant, (at whose birth even the Muses danced,) all following good Fortune (was quite from this nurse extiled, and as a punishment therefore, for her negligence, shee promised by a solenne vow made secretly with her owne heart, never to taste other food, but rootes, hearbes, and such things, as grew in the desert woods, nor never to drinke other liquour, but cleare water taken from running rivers,

her companions were siluaine beasts, & fowles of the aire, which in their natures seemed to assist her in this her languishing life: long liued shee, with the rest of her woeful partners, making these daily orisons for the sweet returne of this royall babe, for whom the whole land in great sorrow mourned; whom we will leaue till another time, and perseuer in these following euents that happened to King Richard, being wading in Austria through seas of blood.

CHAP. LIII.

A woefull report of King Richards death. Of faire Clarabells lamentation for the same. Of her grievous punishment by famine, and of other accidents.



After some little ease, like the sweete returne of some long absent friend, had mitigated the inward sorowes of faire Clarabell, and that a little the remembrance of her Infants losse, somewhat ceased her former laments, thinking to cheare her sad heart with infusing delights, that she hoped to enjoy by the sweet presence of King Richard, wishing hourly his company, little dreaming of his departure for Austria, but that he reuealed in his owne Court, to her great joy, and his owne renowne, that at his first arrivall into her presence, they might like Mars and Venus surfet in delight, or like Paris with his Helena, seale up the true quittances of desire, but all was not as she wished; for her hearts beloved, King Richard, flourished in the royalties of Bellonaes battels, wading in blood, and mounted vpon his vndaunted courser, treading vpon mangled men, and marching after the chearefull melody of warre.

Which when the poore distressed Lady heard off, like a condemned erle, banished from all solace, she exclaimed against
cruell

cruell destiny, reuelling the angry Muse of chance, accounting all her hopes ominous, and her selfe the onely patterne of misfortunes.

*O*b (quoth she) what unlucky planet predominated my birth: why was I borne to these miseries: I live destitute of friends in an unknowne kingdom, dishonoured with the title of a Curtizan, a pointing marke for vertuous Ladies, a shame of woman-hood. *O*b why was I borne to commit so foule a sin, that blemisheth the glory of all Princes: *O*b unkind King Richard, now I see thou heapest vpon my backe a second miserie, as thou hast disrobed me of my virginity, making me neither wife, widow, nor maide: so wilt thou orphane me, and intitle me by the name of a parentlesse child: *W*oe upon woe I see pursues me, calamity, discontent, sorrow, despaire, yea, and all the miseries that euer haplesse woman endured, now like whirlewindes, or tempestuous gusts, tumblers my care-kild heart into the gulfe of unpittied afflictions; be iust thou punisher of blacke trespasses, for my skarlet sinnes knocke at Heauen gate for reuenge, and my desert exceedeth Tarpies that sold Rome, or the daughter of Ninus that betrayed her Fathers kingdom: for even as the viper I fed vpon my Parents woe, and as the curle of nature, haue gloried in disobedience, what good fortune can I challenge at the hand of destiny, in louing my Fathers foe: yelding that unrecovered Ierusalem to his pleasure, as being well bestowed, might haue merited the worlds fame; but being lost to satiasie his lust, hath placed me (so) a strumpet in the blacke booke of infamy: who can pity my extremities, or what gentle eye will vouchsafe thereat to shed one teare: Teares from a remorseles bosome are most comfortable dewes, and the sweete waters of hearts ease. These, or such like passions breathed shee from her discontented bosome, which manner of lamentations once a day she made to the sighlesse aire, till the time of sixe moneths overpassed, at the end whereof, shee arrived at her lodging, the two Carles of Arundell and Oxford, newly returned from Au-

Aria, being the only counsellors to King Richard in all his proceedings, which two Lords brought the heaviest newes that ever narrowly touched England. such newes that might even have broken a savage heart, newes of death & dolour, the signification thereof, safe like characters in their foreheads, & as it were made dumb the wyes of discontent, being with heavy countenances both come into the presence of Lady Clarabell, the good Earle of Arundell said as followeth, Prepare (sweet Lady) with a gentle silence to entertaine the wofullest tale, that ever man at armes reported, for it tels of blood & death, and of the ruines of Imperious Sovereignty. Know faire Clarabell, that in one day by the fury of recent lesse war, thou hast lost both thy father and thy Love: First thy Father when the battels toynded, closed with high spirited Richard in such princely resolution, as even fired his whole army with the lively sparkes of valour, & so proudly managed himselfe against the gun-shot of chance, as if Hector and Achilles combated each other. On the other side English Richard, under whose Ensignes our selves marched, so nobly, & so beyond expectation, he behaved himselfe, as if Mars fought upon the earth, both heaven & earth thundred forth their glories: Our two armies were in number like the campe of Scythian Tamberlaine, which (as it were) made the huge earth to grone.

Never since the ten yeres wars of Troy, did mans eye behold so numberlesse a multitude, all valiant, fearelesse, and adventurous: we for the honour of England, they for the honour of Austria; Seas of blood covered the green fields, & the fat of horses trampled out dead mens baines, the cries of dying souldiers seemed like thunder, and the chrystall aire spread forth her sable canopy, mourning at so wofull a massacre. After thousands lay breathlesse, on the hungry earth, glutted with the blood of so many thousand Christians, the victory grew so doubtfull, that Lady Fortune safe wavering, not resolved to what side to preel it: But was in even then the glory of both our Armies faded, and the illuminating light of two Princes was by consuming

ming death extinguished: Austria lost Royall Don Iohn, your Father, & we imperious Richard our King. Two such losses, as Europe for them weeps blood, and may well consume in griefe: Upon whose deaths, both our Armies sounded retreat, a peace proclaimed, and both their bodies had such funeralls as befit the persons of such high dignities.

Our Leaders and Captaines having lost their Princely Generall, embraced peace, and with the Swords sheathed, Colours rolled vp, and with beaue hanging countenances, are now arrived in England, where (with the generall consent of the whole Nobility) wee haue crowned Iohn his Brother, King of this Countrey, whom in all allegiance we will henceforth honour and obey. More would they haue spoken, but the griefe of Clarabella so abounded, that she could keepe silence no longer: but in great extremity of passion burst out into these speeches.

Here (quoth she) let the World end; for the terrible extremity of woe, (like the raging Ocean) breaks in, and ouerflows all my toyes: I haue lost my Father, Friends, Country, Kinred, Acquaintance, yea, and my Child: and the dearest of all Jewels, Royall King Richard, by whose death I am made vnfortunate.

Descend some vnlucky star, fall vpon me you satall planets, and strike me blinde, that my sightlesse eyes may behold no further miseries. Where art thou mischance: assist me with some fearefull confusion; that like the wife of Oedipus, the whole world may reposit my shame. Heauens blessings (I see) haue refused me, and like an out-cast loaden my blood-red heart with more than earthly sorrow, and with which it is rent, torne and most lamentably tormented.

At these wordes she offered to teare forth her owne eyes, had not the gentle aduice of the two Charles perswaded her to patience, which she willingly embraced, and so for that time parted company: She to her sorrowfull closet they to the new reformed Court, where (after King Iohn had intelligence of the successes of Clarabella, sent to her a commission of banishment, with a

commandement that no English subject upon paine of death,
 should giue her any sustenance of food, wherby her wantonnesse
 might be scourged with pining famishment: a grieuous & seuer
 penance, deseruing the name of heathen tyranny. But such was
 the indignation of King Iohn, and so violent in wrath that, euen
 death quitted her fauourites. (More mappe of misery) she
 was forced to forsake Courtly fashions, and to exchange her
 costly attires into beggers weeds: she that had wont to feed up
 on the variety of dainties, was now sufficed with course ser
 uices, no other wise than with those things that satisfied hun
 ger-starved hounds: many a little dogge (in the laps of young
 wantons) had more abundance of food than this gallant Lady
 had. Day by day walked she comfortlesse vp and downe the
 streets, mowing her owne misfortunes, yet unpittied, and
 left to her Complaint. Night by night wearied shee out the
 long houres with the remembrances of her former life, where
 euery minutes thought begot new griefe, and euery thought
 of new griefe almost split her heart: sighes were as common
 objects to satissie her discontents, being displeased with all things
 shee cast her eye vpon. Not any comfortable motion could she
 entertaine, wearied she grew of the wanton world, not know
 ing which way to turne her selfe: Misery folowed her vp and
 downe: when shee remembred Austria her Fathers Kingdome,
 disobedience cut her heart; when she called to mind her Virgi
 nities wacke, a thousand woes (ioyned with repentance) over
 whelmed all ensuing hopes, and almost cast her into desperati
 on, shee supposed pittie to be deafe, and the tender remorse of hu
 mane gentlenesse to be shut up against her. She that lately a
 bounded in pleasure, now liued in want of a beggers pit
 tance, she onely fed vpon sorrow: Sighes were her food, & feares
 her drinke; woe, misery, and penury, in most extreme manner,
 tormented her pining carcasse, till pouerties thin countenance
 conuerted her rose-like cheekes into a pale complexion: her
 hollow eyes famed like the empty cels of death, sorrowes
 badge

badge (which is a wretched bosome, declared to the world pittifull prospects, to the winging hanged griefe of the beholders, which were not a few in number.) See into this globe of misery (you blazing starres of Christendome) you flourishing Damsels, that sell your bodies pleasures to make your soules black: you that live by the spoiles of youth: making a passion of wantonnesse, gathering to your selves the hated names of common Courtesans, corrupted with most vile diseases, loathsome and full of Leprosies. To over passe many woes poor Clarabell endured in this pining penance, we will leave her lying upon the bare earth (by a Spittle gate) onely for a cradle to all such carelesse livers, being so simple a lodging for a Princes daughter, and returne to the succeeding event of young Fauconbridge, & those unhappy Purges, seeking for the Babe of honor.

CHAP. V.

How young Fauconbridge, was found by King John in his hunting. How he preserved his Mothers life (vnknowne to him: And likewise how hee succoured the three Nurfes: and of the three gifts given him by the QUEENE of Fayries.

NOW must wee suppose Time, (in his swiftest course to run along) and some certaine yeares to passe over the head of Fauconbridge, where (taking leaue of the Fairy Queene,) he had three of the richest gifts given him by her, as never worldly man was owner of. The first was a garment made of the Lyons skinne, that his Father Richard Cordelion slew in Austria, of Vertue so precious that the wearer thereof should never faint in Courage, but ever continue Victorious in all atchievements. The second a purse of gold, of such a plentiful treasure, that can never grow empty, but as it is taken forth, the Vertue thereof replenisht.

witheth it againe, by which meanes it continues full. The third
a ring of such inestimable price, that by the touch thereof hea-
leth all diseases (never so dangerous and incurable.) These
were the blessings of the Fayry Queene bestowed vpon this
yong gallant, which he receiued as his patrimonie, and kept them
as the onely gifts of good Fortune.

Thus being of the age of fifteene yeeres, he continued in the
woods (like vnto a savage Satyre) vnacquainted with worldly
people, robing by and downe, untill such time as King Iohn of
England, (his Uncle by the Fathers side) found him in his
wilde quality: but seeing him replenished with such lineaments
of nature, strong and sturdy, as promised ensuing honors: He
tooke him to his keeping, and gave him in charge to an ancient
Noble man of Court, to be trained vp, and taught perfectly
his naturall English tongue, which he most speedily accom-
plished to his high renowne: whereupon the King soon advanced
his estate, and made him grome of his priue Chamber; but hee
having the lofty spirit of Knight-hood springing in his brest, at-
tended at adventures, and to winne credit by the strength of his
body, desired the Kings leave to depart his Court, and to try
forraigne atchievements in the honour of God and his Coun-
trei: which princely request did not a little content the King,
whereupon he gave him a horse well furnished with all the abili-
ments fitting so resolute a Gentleman, and with all graced
him with the picture by nature set vpon his brest. Thus after
leave taken, like one of James Darling, this Knightly Fau-
konbridge in the spring-time of his youth, committed himselfe
to Fortunes fickle fauours, where after he had travelled some
few daies tourneies from the English Court, he arrived at the
gate of an Hospitall, wherewith lay Clarabell his owne unknowne
mother, begging for reliefe, with these lines graven ouer her
head vpon the wall in capitall letters, according to King Iohns
commandement.

A Princes daughter by the Kings decree,
Here pines in care: stand still, and passe not by,
Till this poore map of perfect misery,
With wringing hands heav'd up to heaven hie,
Tels how her wanton life in sinne was spent,
And why she thus makes wofull languishment.

Pitie her not, her life is stain'd with shame,
By her a Kingdomes ruine was begot:
Lust and desire hath blotted her good name,
And true repentance must make cleare that spot.
To succour her is death, authority commands,
Against which power, list no presumptuous hands.

Lord Fauconbridge having read this superscription, in pittie rued her estate, not knowing her to be his mother, for as yet his parents were unknowne to him, yet harbozing in his breast noble thoughts, he could not chuse but extend charity unto her, and being the first of his adventures, and the maidenhead of his mercy, the first good deed that ever hee did, therefore he willingly allighted from his palphrey, and in tender pittie took the halfe starved Lady by the hand, saying; If thou beest descended royally, as these letters witness that thou art, I am bound in all knightly courtesies to defend thee, and in maugre of black fortunes spight, succour thy distressed estate, as it seemes now the worlds out-cast. Tel me faire Lady thy name, thy birth & abode, and as I am a sworne true knight, I will be thy champion, and conduct thee safely into thine owne country. These gentle promises made by Lord Fauconbridge, aspired new life into her fading body, who with a cheérful countenance spake as followeth.

Deare knight, thy desert I know not, but surely thou seemest to be gracious in all thy proceedings, and desires not I know to inforce a Lady, to speake of that which will breake her heart to remember: yet because thou promistest

me thy gentle asde, to deliuer me from this miserable bale of wo, and set me wishedly upon the shoze of my native kingdome, vilely dishonoured by my wofull tollies: Understand then I was bozne in Austria, my name Clarabell, princely my father, from whom I disobediently fled for the love of a Northerne Monark, unto whom I yeelded up the pleasures of my virginity, the losse whereof made me, (though no wise) yet an unhappy mother: for which blacke sin I am now thus punished. Question no further I wæte Gentleman, for the rest will bereaue mee of life, but according to thy noble disposition, be my gardian, and conduct mee to my native Countrey, and the rewarde of all good deeds will quittance your curtesies. Indeed faire Lady (quoth hee) as our oathes in knighthood bee so to doe, so in performance thereof I will adventure my life, though it bee to the Kings high displeasure. So taking her up behinde him upon his horse, he carried her to the next towne, and there both cheered her pining body with comfortable victuals, and after cloathed her in such garments as befitted the degree of a Gentlewoman, and so set forwarde towards Austria, spending the slow time alway with pleasant discourses, little thinking of the nere alliance that was betwixt them two, the one the mother, the other the Sonne: but Heaven meaning to shew a wonder in their lives, would not as yet suffer their kindreds to be brought to light.

So travellling on as I said before, they were intercepted by a most strange object, which were three most distressed creatures, seeming by their attires to be women, and the nurses (in former times) of young Fauconbridge, which Clarabel full well knew, but that she feared to be discovered. The good knight being still pittifull, beholding their miseries, the one dumbe, the next blind, & the third lame. These wofull companions, whom age and time had thus crossed with heavy calamity, he like a true godly minded man, with that King which the Fayre Quene had given him, cured all their maladies, the vertues of it being so excellent,

lent, that it no sooner touched their dismembred bodies, but immediately they were all made perfect, the lame could go, the blind could see, and the dumbe speake: which miracle done by Lord Fauconbridge, according to the will of heaven, enforced teares through extreame ioy to fall from the three recovered nurses eyes, desiring the maker of all things to reward his courtesies. The good knight, not onely cured their griefes, but gave them great store of gold out of his most plentiful purse, another gift from the Fairy Queene by him received. Now these three new rebved women, being safe and sound, no sooner departed, but faire Clarabell desired to bee Mistresse of two such precious Jewels as this King and the purse was, whereupon in most gentle manner shee intreated Lord Fauconbridge to bestow them upon her, that for his sake she might weare them, a favour to her heart (as she said) more invaluablen then was the Jewell that Marke Anthony gave Cleopatra, Queene of Egypt, gifts in his imagination, prized above the worlds Monarchie: yet being loath to deny her request, he most willingly gave her them, and with his owne hand putting the Ring upon her pretty finger, and tying the rich purse by her comely side, he said; Per-
 ver let knightly prowesse advance my reputation, nor record my lifes fame in the booke of memorablen time, but let mee dye blotted with cowardize, the foule stain of matchlesse knight-
 hood, when I refuse to accomplish the least motion of your Ladships desire: for in your countenance shines honourable graces, and promisseth dignified vertue. To whom Clarabell with a modest behaviour answered in this sort: And much were I too blame (Sir knight) if I should not seeke by desert to requitte your kindnesse, & vile ingratitude as a disgrace to my calling, might be well allotted to my share: If time and good fortune ever advance me to my former estate, I will make thy credit equall Hector Achilles, & cause the worlds famous antiquaries to signifie thy marttall condition: thou hast bewitcht me with thy vertues, and with the chaine of manly carriage bound
 my

my life to thy service: Reseruing my honoz, I humble my selfe
to thy noblenesse, which honour onely I once submitted to a
King, the fruit thereof might I but liue to see, my earths content
were then growne to a perfection. A liuing, or dead, great love
protest him: this is my Prison to heauen, and upon this doe I
dayly meditate. These mysticall speeches of hers, might haue
lighted the fire of discovery, but that blind Fate, would not as
yet haue them knowne. These and such like, were the pleasur-
able discourses betwixt these two travellers, with the which they
spent away a long day and weary night, without any adven-
ture worth the noting. But as Fortune is not alwayes smi-
ling, here she began againe to frowne, and to crosse their desires
with an unlookt for chance: For upon an hot Summers day,
when the bright Sun in his greatest glozy shined in the horizon
in a most intollerable heate, the poore Lady wearied with tra-
uell, sate her downe to rest in a pleasant greene shade of trees
(where dallying with the King in her lap) shee fell fast asleepe,
during which sweete slumber, there came a huge blacke Raven
soaring by, and thinking the yallow King to be some prey, which
lay upon her lap, with her talents catcht it up, and there withall
flew quite away, to the great amazement of Lord Fauconbridge
standing by the sleeping Lady as her gardian, and being loath to
lose so rare a Jewel, mounted upon his Steed, and in most swift
manner followed the Raven so farre, that he quite lost the pre-
sence of faire Clarabell, whom (for a while we will leaue sleep-
ing) and speake what strange adventure happened to this noble
Knight.

CHAP. VI.

How Lord *Fauconbridge* was found by the Moores, & presented to the King of Morocco. Of his adventures in that kingdome. The lamentation of *Clarabell* for her passed life : and how in penance thereof, shee builded a Monasterie for the receit of poore pilgrims.



Noble minded *Fauconbridge*, followed the flight of this rich pilled Raven, carrying in his beake, the worth of a Kings Ransome, not resting or pitching upon any tree or branch, till shee had let the King fall into the Sea; which stricke such terror to the heart of *Fauconbridge*, (then standing upon the shore, seeing the event) that he almost cast himselfe after it into the waves but that better graces guided him; and hope of better Fortunes restrained his desperatnesse. Standing thus amazed, and calling to mind the losse of *Clarabella* (whom hee had left comfortlesse behind) sleeping in a Greene shade of trees, not knowing how nor which way to returne backe, beleeving never more to behold her Angelicall countenance: Therfore like a mournful traveller (loosing himselfe in some desert wilderness) he breathed out this unpittied lamentation.

Many and unlucky are my first adventures (quoth hee) attended on by crosse chances, and untoward proceedings; no motion of reliefe can I premeditate upon. For I am come by ill Fortune into a place of desolation, not frequented by the habitation of man: Here lyes nothing but Greene belied Serpents, roaring Wolves, and beastes of fearefull shapes, such as may well terrifie the proudest courage: Here sounds no other echoes but the croakes of Ravens: night Owles, cries, and the bellowing of untamed Tygers, such as thunders forth nothing but sounds of death and destruction: here is no other food to sustaine nature, but wilde hemlocks, henbane, and such impoisoned weedes, the onely store-house

of black inchanters, wittches and charmers, the ayze seemed to be corrupted, and the earth casts up putrifying savours, worse then the smeking lake where Sodom & Gomorra stood. In this manner complained he for the space of thye twelue houres, looking every houre to be deuoured by wilde beastes, but that his Lyon-like garment which he wore, made them thinke him to be one of their number, which savage creatures in tame manner lodged by his side.

As he thus betwene feare and hope, expected present death, he beheld a Turkish galley hovering by the shore side, the Capitaine whereof (being a noble minded Gentleman) at the first sight of yong Fauconbridge, cast a Land, where (beholding his distresses) took him aboard, which unlookt for favour, not a little reioyced him: but being so happily preserved from death, most willingly submitted to their mercies, they being Moyses, he a Christian: they misbeloeving, he true in faith: they black, he faire, two extreme contrarieties: yet when these heathen people beheld his face stozed with such manly maiestie, resembling the beauty of his creator: they admired his Angel-like countenance, never before that time seeing a man of his colour, but all black like themselves, therefore supposing to have found some heavenly Angel, they presented him to their King, as then keeping his Court some foure miles distance from that place, on the other side of the Sea, (being but a creeke of the maine Ocean) in a sumptuous Palace for brightnes like to the Tower of the Sun.

The Morrocco King with his blacke countenance, aduancing himselfe in his royall throne, with great admiration received Lord Fauconbridge, not as a Captive, or a chained Gallie-slave, but like the darling of Majesty, or as the Paragon of Fame sent from heaven to glorifie his Court. Legions of reports might we make of his entertainment with the Morroeco King and his Nobles, who esteemed him rather to be some God, then a worldly man, more dignified honours heaped they upon his back, then ever that Countrey gave unto a stranger. The wealth of that

that Kingdome made they his treasury, and masses of Indian pearles lay still at his commandement; the time of his abode there passed on apace, and sollicitude of his life made seven yeeres but as a moneth.

Which being overpassed, it was his chance upon a solemne festivall day, which was the birth-day of their King, only once in seven yeeres solemnized, to behold the chiefeest of the Kings Nobility in their richest ornaments, coming as it were on procession in the honour of their Prophet Mahomet, placing him (as it seemed in heaven) to the high dishonour of the Christians God, whose wrath and indignation is the whole worlds confusion, and whose favour, the preservation of mankind.

This God and living power, was the patron of Lord Fauconbridge, by whose favour he hoped to conquer Fate, and subdue Kingdomes: This God when he saw him thus highly dishonoured, fury possesse him, and to the great disparagement of all that heathen Nation, he desperately tore downe the picture of Mahomet, and with his kerne edged Semitary cut it in small peeces, to the great amazement of the Kings Nobility, who in greedy revenge, furiously set upon him altogether (like a number of whelps upon a princely Lyon, who so Lion-like behaved himselfe, that in lesse then halfe an houre, he left breathlesse upon the bloudied earth, more then six & twenty of the Kings nobles, approving here his unconquerable valor, proceeding fro the vertue of his Lion-like garment, which the Fairy Queen had given him.

At this bold enterpryse performed with his owne hand, he caused the Bwyes to ring forth their Alarm bells, and to fire their Beakons, to ralse up their country forces, thinking that heaven had thither sent a confounder of mankind, and that by his onely meanes their Kingdome should be subdued.

This matchlesse enterpryse performed by Noble minded Fauconbridge, did not a little perplexe the King, nor no idle feare assailed his mind, but such a fright as made his very soule to tremble: wherefoze to rid his Kingdome from present
danger

danger, in most kind manner he proclaimed truce, and dissent-
 blingly applauded Lord Fauconbridge for this desperate at-
 tempt: (and though to his griefe of mind, with faire and prince-
 ly promises, he perswaded this English Gallant to depart his
 Country: and the more to advance his deserved honours, the King
 bestowed upon him twelve barrels of good red gold, and
 withall a ship well furnished, to conduct him home into his own
 Country. Which kind favour was most gratefully accepted of
 by noble Fauconbridge, who leaving the Morocco Kingdome,
 put himselfe to Sea, committing his fortunes againe to the mer-
 clesse waves, but making the Pilot & Marriners believe, that the
 twelve barrels of gold, were but twelve barrels of red lead: a
 commodity most precious in his native country. The Pilot sup-
 posing no other wise, sailed amaine with prosperous wind to-
 wards the Northerne nations. In which successfull tourney,
 we will leave now Lord Fauconbridge, and returne to his un-
 known mother (Lady Clarabel) whom we left as you heard be-
 fore, sleeping under a shade of trees, where Lord Fauconbridge
 began to follow the chase, after the unlucky Raven.

Clarabel as we spake of before in her sweet sleepe, little drea-
 ming of the absence of Fauconbridge, at her awaking, both mist
 him & the King; two losses so precious, as even caused sorrow to
 rebell in her bosome, that sorrow was a stranger, and content exiled:
 others were the doubts she had of his misadventure, one while
 she supposed death like a tyrant had possess him, another while
 she feared the breach of his promise, and that he had secretly fled
 from her, bearing away with him the enchanted King: Now one
 thing, then another, not knowing what to conjecture, but when
 she saw her selfe quite bereft of his sweet presence, the only pre-
 server of her life, exempted from all hope of his recovery, in
 great griefe of minde, she betooke her selfe to travell, and so
 with weary steps followed on the first path she found, wherein
 she wandered day and night, receiving little rest, and lesse
 food, making this sorrowfull moane unto her selfe. Oh thou
 just

last doome (quoth she) of all offences, will thy heaby wrath bee
 neuer mitigated: Shall this my pining punishment neuer end:
 Shall woe upon woe still pursue me: Weepe in teares: oh mine
 eyes, be neuer dyed faire lamentations: even at that houre when
 I hoped all sorowes to be finished, began new griefe; when in
 losing my sonne, I found a friend, whom now wanting, I find
 eternall causes of discontent: It cannot bee possible, but that
 some dismal mischance hath befallen him, or some unlucky Loc
 deceived me of him, there is no likely-hood of his selfe. will de-
 parture, for in his breast he harboured thoughts of true humani-
 tie, hono^r guided him, & vertue was his friend; how can it then
 bee that of his owne accord hee is departed: Surely some un-
 lucky event hath befallen him: therefore, o my heart sob in griefe
 and for his sake make thy life but a pilgrimage of woe, consume
 in care, walke with weeping, for I have lost the Paragon of
 a knight-hood, whose countenance promised me to advance my
 desired hope, and bying me safely unto the shoare of my native
 country: but seeing dole & discontent hath crossed all my good
 fortunes, I will for his sake, with the treasure of my never
 emptied purse, received from him, builde up a Monastery, and in
 the same (like a Monasticke Nunne) spend out my dayes, in the
 service of that God that hath thus crossed mee, and there bee a
 continuall comforter of distressed Pilgrims, and wayfaring tra-
 vellers, hoping that if life be in my deare friend, he will once a-
 gaine arrive in that happy place, and once more satisfie my thir-
 sting eyes with his princely person. Being thus resolved, she
 travelled some thre moneths journey from the place, where she
 lost her deare friend the Lord Fauconbridge, & there close by the
 Sea side she builde a most stately Monastery, relieving still the
 wants of such distressed travellers as passed that way, yielding
 as well lodging, as meate & drinke, so such as stood in need therof:
 For the maintenance thereof, shee had her richanted purse still
 ready furnished; thither resorted people of all degrees, thither
 came Princes, Monarchs, & Episcopall Kings, that travelled in

devotion to the shrine of Christ in Ierusalem: Thither came
 worthy champions, knights errant, & such as sought for knight-
 ly achievements: Thither came religious Church-men, pre-
 lates, and holy minded men, zealously seeking by pilgrimages to
 wipe away worldly offences: Thither came plowmen, shep-
 herds, fishermen, and such as were numbred among the com-
 mon people, thinking thereby to obtaine absolution for their mis-
 deeds, every one offering in zeale unto her great store of riches,
 whereof she had little need, accounting it meritorious to give to-
 wards the maintenance of so vertuous a custome. Amongst
 which number of Benefactors, there was one Peter a fisherman,
 that in devotion of minde, presented unto her a most dainty fish
 called the Dolphin, a present, more sifter for a prince, then such
 an humble minded woman as she was, whose humiltey almost
 in that Country purchased her the name of a goddesse: This
 gift from the fisherman was by her most curteously receyved,
 and most bountifullly requited with great store of gold, which
 shee toke from out her enchanted purse: Here with was olde
 Peter well pleased, and the Lady better contented, for in the
 Dolphins belly shee found the same King, which shee haden let
 fall into the Sea; and the same King after which Lord Faucon-
 bridge so unhappily followed, the same King that by the preci-
 ous touch of it healed all diseases. In this accident, fortune shew-
 ed the pride of her glory, and brought more strange admiration
 into the heart of Clarabell, then ever she expected: but being pos-
 sessed thereof, she verily beleved that noble Fauconbridge lay in-
 tombed in the watery Kingdome, and that never more the con-
 solation of his presence should in ioyfull manner delight her de-
 firefull eye: pale death (as shee supposed by the finding of this
 King) had made prize of his life, to rich a Jewell as shee was,
 for this ungratefull world, therefore in the true zeale of heart,
 and in remembrance of his worthinesse, she caused a Faul-
 con of gold to be set upon the top of the Monastery, wherch
 she dwelled, the bright illuminating colour thereof shined into

the Sea, and was ever after that made a marke, by a guide for
 sparriners to follow by. Also like a courteous Lady, to quittance
 old Peter the Fishermans rich present, by good Fortune bestowed
 upon her, she canonised the Monastery, and called it after his
 name, Saint Peters Hermitage, a place of charity, & a resort for
 all such as wanted maintenance. After this, thousands of op-
 pressed people in this place found succour, Pilgrims and sojour-
 ning travellers here freely found lodging: Widowes and suc-
 cessor-lesse children, here tasted boundles liberality, maimed soldiers,
 and such as lost their limbs in the service of their Country, here
 slept upon downy beds more softer then Naples like; Blinde,
 Deafe, and dumbe, in this place found help, not any diseased crea-
 ture went from hence uncured, all which by this vertuous La-
 dy, was only done in charity for Gods sake, and to appease the
 torments of his soule, that in guiding her to her native country,
 lost his deare life. And heretofore from this day, to her livers depar-
 ture, she desired the fellowship of vertue, abandoning all frow-
 nest behaviour, devoting her selfe to the service of Heaven, and
 good deeds, in which she continually strived to exceed all others
 of her time, which good devotions we for a while will overpass;
 and report of other delightfull accidents, agreeing to the course
 of this our History.

CHAP. VII.

How Lord Fauconbridge lost himselfe in a barren Land. His
 meanes of recovery. The finding againe of *Clarebel*. How
 these two were made knowne to each other. And of the
 great joyes betwixt the mother and her Son.



Now it is time to report againe of Lord Faucon-
 bridge, and his fortunes on the Sea and how his
 ship laden with his barrells of gold, lay bove-
 ring on the billowes, many a day expecting a
 prosperous winde to England, but obtaining
 none: For fate and good fortune crossed these

hopes, & want of victuals so oppressed them, that hunger almost
 surprized their lives, and like a pittifull Tyrant would grant
 them no remorfe: twice five moneths continued this extremity
 to the terrour of all good men, a death bringing horrour both to
 man and beast. At the last, after they had made many submit-
 tive prayers to God for a good wind, Æolus set open his brazen
 gates, and sent them such a gentle gale, that they in three houres
 sayling, arrived upon an Island so barren, that therein they found
 no other thing to succour their distresses, and preserve them from
 famishment, but only fresh water, with the which they suffici-
 ently stozed their ship, giving heaven thanks for so blessed a fa-
 vour. But this sufficed not the desires of noble Fauconbridge,
 hoping to find better reliefe for him and his men, resolutely ad-
 ventured further up into the Island, to discover if he could, where-
 withall to victual his ship. But woe is me to report it, this ad-
 venturous Gentleman travelled so farre, that hee lost his way,
 not being able to returne backe unto his company, by which
 meanes hee was constrained to stay all night upon the top of a
 tree, for feare of wilde beasts, whereof the Island was full. But
 now marke how unlucky all things fell out, the same night the
 wind rose, & so violently drove the ship from the shore, that the Pi-
 lot was enforced to leave Lord Fauconbridge a Land, & commit
 his Fortunes to the Sea, where before day-light they were cast
 upon the coast where Saint Peters charitable Hermitage was
 situated: they being Infidels and heathenish natured people, never
 expected the safety of Lord Fauconbridge, being a Christian, but
 left him comfortlesse in the barren Island, and cast ashore where
 faire Clarabel abode, where comming a Land, desired her for his
 sake that created her, to afford them some reliefe, whereby their
 lives might be saved, and their ship sufficiently replenished with
 food fitting their intended voyage. Withfull Clarabel good Lady,
 she greatly rejoyced that it lay in her power to furnish their
 wants, most willingly gave them entertainment, & provided them
 such refreshing comforts, as preserved both their ship and lives
 from

from perishing. Likewise they meaning to expresse no brigrate-
full thanks for so kind a favour, as an humble signe of good will,
courteously bestowed upon her, the twelve barrels of gold which
Lord Fauconbridge reported to be red lead, all which according
to her gentle nature, noble minded Clarabell received. So par-
ting with thanks to each other, the Pilot returned to Morocco,
very ioyfull for the riddance of Lord Fauconbridge, their Coun-
tries supposed enemy, and shee no lesse delighted in the perfor-
mance of her bountifull charity extended to the preservation of
so many dying men. All this while Lord Fauconbridge remai-
ned in the barren Iland, almost hunger-starv'd for want of food,
in which place was nothing found to satisfie his gentle nature,
but the flesh of wilde beastes, which was killed with his owne
hands, which (for want of fire) he roasted in the Sun, and with
the same, (to his content) made more pleasinger banquets, then
when he feasted in the Morocco Court. Onely patience chiefly
guided him: but being thus lost, and exiled from the society of hu-
mane creatures, he liued a long time in the woods, in such penu-
ry and want, that his strength began to faile, sickness grew on,
the danger of life tormented him for want of naturall sustenance,
caused a grievous kind of leprosie to grow quite ouer his body,
in such like sort, that his princely countenance was suddenly
changed into a most ugly visage, and pale death as it were sat
perching upon his heavy brow, betwixt life and death, hee sat
him downe upon the root of a dead withered tree, making this
complaint unto himselfe. If ever pittie (quoth he) entred the ce-
lestiall gate of heauen, or euer remoycessull mercy tenderly lookt
into the poore estate of a miserable Gentleman, then by this my
lives ruine, may be seene the true patterne of calamity; woe up-
woe, crosse upon crosse, and extremity upon extremity, makes a
unity, and conspires together to worke my good. Fortunes con-
fession. Verily am I now left in a wilderness of desolation, friend-
lesse without comforter, not knowing which way to get forth,
but committed to the vile tyranny of untamed Tygers, euen
ready

ready to intombe my dying body within their bloud-firking
 bowells, a grave most unfit to close up my new created life. In
 speaking these wordes, he heard from a farre, as it were out of a
 hollow vault, a voice sounding forth these speeches: Faucon-
 bridge, rise up and follow me: Fate and good chance will prosper
 thee. This seemed to be the voice of the Fairy Queene, his old
 Nurse, being still most careful of his lifes preservation, as it was
 indeed; which no sooner echoed in the eares of Lord Faucon-
 bridge, but he arose from under the tree where he lay, and being
 ready to goe so, ward all weake and sickly as he was, he espied
 before, one of the Fairy Instruments, which was an Ignis Fa-
 tius, the fire of destiny, or a going fire, which by nature leadeth
 wandring travellers out of the way. This as his guide went
 still before him, he with a slow pace followed after, not intercep-
 ted by any misadventure, till he came to the Seasloe, where be-
 ing topfully arrived, in good time he beheld a Barke sayling by,
 to which he made the way of entertainment, as one desirous to be
 taken into their ship, and to be conducted into some better resting
 place; both his motions and his intent the Spairners some per-
 ceived, whereupon they satisfied his desire, and within few dayes
 set him safely upon the next inhabited Kingdome, which was the
 happy place where Clarabel bestowed such bountifull liberality.
 Being thither come, the Country people and such as beheld his
 perplexed estate, led him as diseased as he was into Clarabels
 Monastery, where being arrived, and standing shaking at the
 gate, he desired for his sake that pardoneth all sins, and requiteth
 all good deeds, that she would with the oyle of her skill, balm his
 grieved paines, and with the merry that she freely bestowes up-
 on distressed soules, cure his malady. Gentle Clarabel at this his
 humble request, called him in, leading him up into a close cham-
 ber, prepared only for the comfort of such wooll creatures, in
 which place after she had revived his dying senses, and by the
 vertues of the same King (he in former time had bestowed upon
 her) recovered his wonted health, she seeming in his face, that
 beauty

beauty replenished againe, which befoze that time she supposed
to have sene, and calling to remembrance his former labour,
she perfectly knew him, whereupon seeking to embrace him, she
founded in his armes, and for the sudden ioy that she received by
his strange returne, lay for a good season in a dying trance: but
being by great diligence recovered, they recounted each to other
the wonderfull fortunes passed betwixt them, from the first lo-
sing of one another to that houre, Likewise he spake, how he nei-
ther knew Father nor Mother, nor from whence he descended;
and withall opening his bosome, he shewed her the golden Fan-
con, by nature pictured upon his breast, which when she beheld,
her very soule, as it were elevated it selfe to heauen, and was
then mortall ioy possesse her heart. By this she knew him to be
her onely sonne, begot by Richard Cordelion, King of England,
and so made it knowne unto him, which when good Lord Fay-
conbridge understood, he in the true duty of a sonne newly crea-
ted, downe upon his knees, craved her blessing, and in great hu-
mility of minde, gave thanks to heauen, in that it was his for-
tune to defend his mother in an unknowne Land, from so

many dangers, and she likewise made many devout

Orisons to God, that in his mercy hee so

preserued them, and in this man-
ner brought them most

strangely to-
gether.

FINIS.



